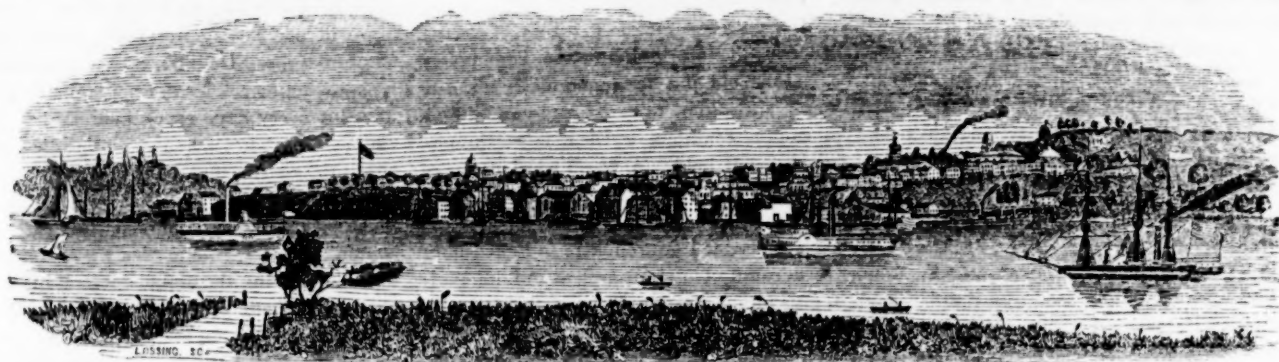


# RURAL REPOSITORY.



ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

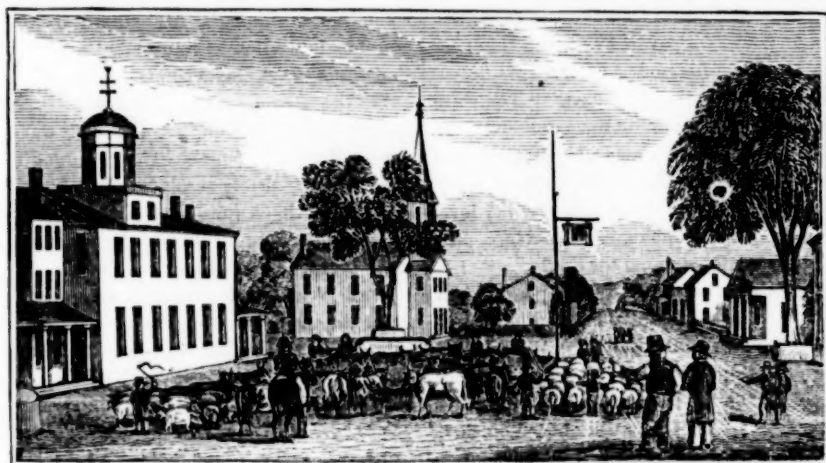
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VOLUME XXI.

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## WESTERN VIEW OF BRIGHTON, MASS.



BRIGHTON was formerly a part of Cambridge, and known by the name of *Little Cambridge*. It was incorporated in 1807. The town contains several beautiful country seats and highly-cultivated farms, 2 Congregational churches, 1 of which is Unitarian, and a bank, the "Brighton Bank," with a capital of \$200,000. Population, 1,337. It is 16 miles south east from Concord, 35 east of Worcester, 8 northerly from Dedham, and 5 west of Boston.

A cattle fair was commenced here during the revolutionary war, and has been increasing in importance ever since. Most of the cattle for the supply of Boston market are brought in droves to this place, from two hundred to six thousand a week: every Monday is the fair, or market day, when the dealers in provisions resort thither to make purchases.

The above is a western view of the central part of Brighton, showing the place where the great cattle-market of New England is held. The street at this time is filled with cattle of various kinds, and with buyers and sellers. Large droves of cattle are driven from Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont to this market. Besides furnishing the Boston market, great numbers of cattle are collected, bought and slaughtered, and barreled up for exportation to various places. In the engraving the large building appearing on the left is the, "Cattle Fair Hotel:" at times as many as 400 or 500 persons have been known to dine at this estab-

lishment on market days. The Unitarian church is the next building eastward; the Brighton Bank is seen on the opposite side of the street. A reporter attends the market, and his reports of the prices &c. are published in the newspapers.

"Winship's Gardens," celebrated for their great variety of shrubs and flowers, are about half a mile north of the Cattle Fair Hotel. The Worcester rail-road passes through the northern part of these gardens.

The following statement of Brighton market for 1837 and 1838 is from the public prints. In 1837, 32,664 beef cattle, 16,216 stores, 110,206 sheep, 17,052 swine; total sales estimated at \$2,449,231. In 1838, 25,850 beef cattle, sales estimated at \$1,317,330; 9,573 stores, sales \$315,909; 104,610 sheep, sales \$261,600; 26,164 swine, sales \$163,165—total sales estimated at \$2,058,004.—*Hist. Col. of Massachusetts.*

### TABLES.

Translated from the German of Zschokke.

MARBLE AND CONRAD.

And the Mole in Your Sleeve.

CHAPTER XV.

Conrad's Departure.

AT break of day the carriage drove up to the door, and all the inhabitants of the village, assembled, surrounded the carriage and the house, to have one

more look at their benefactor, and bless him; for Conrad, during his stay at Alteck, had become dear to every family in the village. He had been a domestic friend to all, and to every one in a different way. He had worked more good in silence than was believed. Now they told each other, weeping aloud, how he had administered medicine to the sick clothed the naked, given bread to the hungry, and security for the oppressed debtor. Every father believed that Conrad had done him the greatest services; and that he had loved his family more than all the others in the village. He had imposed silence upon all, but the general sorrow at his departure broke the promises of every one.

When Conrad entered the dining-room, to take his last breakfast, he found the steward and Josephine's mother in tears. They took their breakfast and Conrad endeavored to comfort those mourners. After every thing was ready for his departure, he suddenly left his seat, begged to be remembered by them, and left the room. He had not the courage to ask for Josephine; but now, when he bade farewell, he took once more the hand of Mrs. Walter, and said with a voice nearly choked with pain—"Remember me to Josephine: tell her that I have loved her beyond all bounds; that I will love her across the ocean."

When he left the house, and proceeded towards the carriage, the steward and Josephine's mother were hanging on his arm. All the people seemed as if bent down by a weight of sorrow;—and all wept, sobbing aloud. Conrad, already too much agitated, wished to conquer his emotions, jumped into the carriage, to hasten away; but at that moment he heard a voice behind him, which riveted him to the spot. He turned. Josephine, pale, with eyes red from weeping, full of unspeakable suffering, stood in the door of the house, calling his name. She was embarrassed for a moment, when she saw the carriage surrounded by people, who were weeping and kneeling; but in the next moment she walked towards Conrad. "Farewell!" she said in a feeble tone of voice.—"Forgive me, I am but a mortal!" and she ran back into the house.

CHAPTER XVI.

Visit to Mr. Smith.

"What is it?"—thought Conrad; but hours elapsed before he came capable of tranquil reflection. "What is it! All is delusion! Our whole life is a delusion! The most tender and deepest feelings of my existence are crushed before me."

It may cost me my life. But what more is it? delusion! Josephine loves me! She may fall a victim to this sorrow, and so may I. What more is it? We understand each other too late, but had it been sooner, it would have been too soon. Sink into thy grave, Josephine! there thou wilt be at rest. Have I not to pay a holy debt to a father? There is no stay under the skies, no glory, no happiness! Here the highest blessedness and deepest despair are sisters. But why is it so? God is incomprehensible. My dream is not yet ended. Wherefore do I moralize? I do my duty. I sacrifice the world, friendship, love, Josephine, myself, to the duties that I have to fulfil. God wills it so—may He direct, may He rule. I will be silent!"

Thus soliloquized Conrad. But he manned himself, and looked boldly towards his fate—"Thou art thyself the cause of these sorrows!" he said to himself—"or thou mightest now go laughing to the East Indies, didst thou not love Josephine. And thou dost love her so much is self-indulgence. *Thou hast a hole in thy sleeve*, would Father Marble say. Ah did but Josephine not suffer!"

Towards night he arrived at the capital. He hastened immediately to the banker Smith. This gentleman was astonished, yet glad to see him. "I bring the answer to your letter myself."

"And what have you concluded to do?" asked the banker.

"To go to the East Indies. I owe it to my father too much"—replied Conrad. "I should be a monster were I to leave him, old and feeble as he is, to his misery. I should become desperate were I too know that the venerable, virtuous old man held out his hands to me in vain."

"All this is very excellent, all this is very noble, my dear Eck"—said Smith—"but you must not act without reflection. A journey to the East Indies is not a walk. Who will be your security when arrived there? Can you find immediately a ship? may you not become sick on your journey, be wrecked, or sink?"

"Very possible. But then I shall have done my duty, and Providence will guide all the rest," rejoined Conrad.

"Very good. But how, if Mr. Marble—for he is old—should have died, before you arrive in Calcutta? Of what avail would then be this journey round the world? For what purpose would then your present course of life be interrupted, and your property sacrificed?" rejoined the banker.

"My course of life will never be interrupted. The course I run is called '*duty*.' And should I return a beggar, very well! I know how to support myself. I am young. Let me have my way. I only beg of you to give me a bill of exchange on London for all the ready money I have. For that purpose I have called on you. If you will add something more for Mr. Marble, so much the better. I will be your personal debtor, and on my return I will pay you back with accumulated interest, even should I have to work for it like a slave."

"Very nobly thought in you," said Smith, "but let us also take the matter deliberately into consideration. Mr. Marble cares certainly less for the pleasure of your company than for a certain sum of money which will either enable him to prosecute his suit or to return to Europe. If he has money, he will be contented, and will find means for all he needs; and then you are perfectly unnecessary to him. Well, then, tell me how much you wish to settle upon him, and how much of my own I shall add to it. We will remit it to him. Drafts can be

sent from England to India with greater facility than people. That is connected with peculiar difficulties. Follow my advice."

"No Mr. Smith I cannot do it. I am of greater service to my father Marble than you or your money can be. He is old and feeble, he needs a son to cherish and foster him, to assist and protect him. Ah! in such a condition a friend is worth more than mountains of gold. A warm word of consolation is worth more than all the services well-paid hirelings can render. Let us pursue this talk no farther. To-morrow I go from here to Regensburg render an account of my transactions to Lord Wallenroth, give him my resignation and thanks. He is an honest man, and will not throw any impediments in my way. If you wish to be mine and Mr. Marble's friend, I would beg of you to give me a letter to Lord Wallenroth, recommending to him my purpose. I have seen how much your word avails with him."

Mr. Smith looked at Conrad a long time in silence. But he stood before him fixed in his purpose, and what he said proceeded from the utmost recesses of his heart. Even Mr. Smith seemed for a moment to be moved at this outburst of filial love and gratitude, yet he endeavored by new arguments to dissuade him from his undertaking.

"It is in vain!" exclaimed Conrad. "There are perhaps to her causes that might have induced me to make a base choice I loved a noble, lovely girl—you know Josephine Walter—only at the moment of my departure I became aware that I was also her love. And yet—duty before happiness. Therefore, Mr. Smith, I pray you to give me the drafts."

Mr. Smith's eyes were filled with tears when Conrad spoke thus—"Come to my heart!" exclaimed the old man, and kissed him. "You are certainly a most excellent man. I envy Mr. Marble for having such a son, and such a friend.—How few fathers are as fortunate as he! You shall have the drafts you desire, and that you may not have any difficulties with Lord Wallenroth, I will myself accompany you to Regensburg."

Conrad was at this sudden emotion of Mr. Smith somewhat astonished. "There is for all"—he thought to himself—"In every man, even should he in his every day life have become shriveled up behind his counter to a mummy, and should he have become a stone, there is always a divine spark left, which is never totally extinguished. It requires but the breath to blow it into a flame. His original nature will rise again with victorious grandeur, however deeply it may lie crushed by the mercantile '*Shall and Have*,' or be sullied by the dust of trade, or be disfigured by theological or pedagogical systems, or be strangled by politics and military science."

Conrad forgot the letter of the banker, forgot his sensible counsels which he had just before heard, forgave him all his cautions, which he thought are subtle high treasons on man, but are very current in this every day world, and rejoiced that the nobler spirit was stirring within him. This is called romantic in common life, since that greatness of soul, which we admire in men of an anterior world, has now deserted actual life altogether, and taken refuge in poetry.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

##### Visit to Regensburg.

Impatiently as Conrad pressed for the journey to Lord Wallenroth, Mr. Smith nevertheless delayed it nearly a week—"For," he said, "I had never counted on accompanying you, and yet I must do

it now. My business transactions are extensive, and I cannot leave them so suddenly, and intrust them for weeks into the hands of a stranger. You also will not lose by it. Lord Wallenroth has a letter from me. He knows of our coming, and as he is expecting us, he will not leave Regensburg."

"But every day, every hour we let pass," exclaimed Conrad, "increases on the other side of the ocean the distress and the longing of the venerable deserted old man."

At length the day of departure arrived. Mr. Smith, however, who needed his comforts, would not travel during the night, but took his usual rest. Conrad lost both sleep and patience. While Mr. Smith was asleep, he alleviated his sorrow by writing his journal, rather for Josephine than for himself, and he recorded his lone communings with her, which he wished to send to her before leaving the shore of Europe.

They arrived at Regensburg. On the first day, Lord Wallenroth could not be seen. Conrad drew unfavorable conjectures from this, for he doubted not in the least that the Lord of Alteck was at home to the banker Smith. He thought there must be some plot; although, Mr. Smith wore a serene countenance when he returned at night; but even that serenity was somewhat suspicious.

On the following day, Lord Wallenroth sent a messenger to the strangers, informing them that he expected them to dinner. Conrad urged to go earlier. He had firmly resolved, that should the proprietor of Alteck raise any difficulties about dismissing him from his service, he would depart the same night, without being dismissed.

Lord Wallenroth received them very kindly. After the first compliments passed, Conrad explained with feverish eagerness the cause of his arrival, and the necessity of his being dismissed. He placed before him his accounts, and gave a general description of what he had done for Alteck.

"In all you pledged yourself to do you have given entire satisfaction, except in that one clause respecting Mrs. Walter. The good woman has been made unfortunate through you."

Conrad became red as vermillion.

"Through me!" he exclaimed.

"The day before yesterday," rejoined Wallenroth "I received a letter from her, and in it she informs me how dear you had become to the whole village, and how every one deploras your loss. There is also Josephine, the daughter of Mrs. Walter, who, since your departure was wasting away like a wanning taper."

"Does she write that?" asked Conrad.

"Most assuredly," was the answer. "The thoughts of both mother and daughter are noble enough to honor your resolution to go to the East Indies; but the mother is grieving for the life of her daughter since that is now in danger."

Conrad became pale.

Lord Wallenroth gave him the letter, Conrad read it as it came from Mrs. Walter. In it she informed Lord Wallenroth of the sudden departure of the superintendent, and that for some time previous she had observed that he had made a great impression on the mind of her daughter Josephine. His sudden departure had entirely changed Josephine's disposition. She was visibly fading away; the physicians advised her to divert herself by traveling, but Josephine would not depart from Alteck; and also seemed too weak to bear the fatigues of a journey. The whole letter breathed the affliction of a disconsolate mother.



Conrad threw himself into a chair, covering his face with his handkerchief, and could not forbear sobbing aloud. Lord Wallenroth approached him. Conrad aroused himself.

"I read your soul," said Lord Wallenroth, "and your tears justify me in what I have done. I know Josephine. I also esteem her very highly. She is one of the loveliest of her sex. You love her?"

"Certainly I do!" exclaimed Conrad.

"Then compose yourself," replied the baron. "I had Josephine's health, and the peace of mind of her excellent mother, so much at heart, that at the same hour in which I received this letter, I despatched a courier with a letter to Alteek, informing her that Mr. Eck would not go to the East Indies; that circumstances had altered, and that Mr. Eck would again return to Alteek.—The letter is undoubtedly now in the hands of Mrs. Walter and so will prevent greater harm. Have I done well?"

"You have done well!"—said Conrad.

"And you go not to the East Indies?" inquired Wallenroth.

"You have done well, I say, and it is done well, when in this life we have dried a tear, should it even have been done under the veil of deception, I thank you, Lord Wallenroth," rejoined Conrad. "I myself will write from here to Alteek, and keep the hope alive. If we win time we gain a great deal. Time exercises a greater might over man, than the power of his principles. Josephine by this excusable device may be saved; but I go to the East Indies."

"How Mr. Eck, would you have me become a liar?" asked Wallenroth.

Conrad shrugged his shoulders. "Would you have me, Lord Wallenroth, become a monster towards my good father, through who I am what I am?"

"No!"—exclaimed Lord Wallenroth. "I feel the importance of your choice:—there a father, and a benefactor, who has indeed the claims of a father on you—and here a loved one."

"And the claims of a father are older, holier, than those of the loved ones"—retorted Conrad. "She would be compelled to desist loving me, were I capable of a base action. Josephine would be bound to despise me."

"Let us look at the matter from another point of view"—rejoined Wallenroth.—"You would hasten to the relief of an old man, to whom, perhaps, better and more speedy assistance might be rendered with a sufficient sum of money; and you let a noble girl, overpowered with grief, perish—whom all the world cannot compensate for the loss of her friend. You go to the East Indies for the purpose of making more serene the evening of an aged man, whose life perhaps is spared only for a few months; and on that account you let a young life, which only now is beginning to bloom, perish with all its hopes."

"I act from this principle"—sternly replied Conrad—"that when conscience calls us to the right and to duty, we ought not to regard anything termed accident or advantage. The life of my father and the life of Josephine are in the power of Heaven, but the righteous deed is in my power. I do as duty commands me, and over the rest He rules, who knows how to regulate every thing for the best. That is not my business. Am I sure that by weakness—No, it is not that!—that by a base action I can prolong Josephine's existence?"

"You do not suffer me to come to the end, Mr. Eck"—replied Lord Wallenroth—"I told you I had written that circumstances had altered. And this

is indeed the fact. I could lay you a wager that you will not go to the East."

"How? Is Mr. Marble dead already? Or do you wish to make me believe so?"—exclaimed Conrad, terrified—"Or perhaps you have certain intelligence that my father is already on his return to Europe? I pray you keep me no longer on the rack—I am miserable."

"It is nothing of all that"—replied Lord Wallenroth, with a smile—"But you will be astonished, you are the proprietor of Alteek. I am not. I was only so for a short time. I bought the manor of Mr. Marble, who destined it for you. This, however, you were not to be informed of till after you had been a year home from your travels. It was his intention to prove you first; and did you prove yourself such as Mr. Marble wished you to be, then the manor was to be yours. I will now deliver to you the deed of gift. You have acted in Alteek in the spirit of your benefactor. The manor is yours by right."

Conrad was perplexed. He knew not what to say. At last he exclaimed with a trembling voice, and his eyes, full of tears, lifted towards Heaven—"Good Marble, thou hast ever thought of others, but never of thyself! Now thou art no longer poor! If this is true, and I hope that at this serious moment you are not jesting with me I offer to you or to Mr. Smith immediately an advantageous contract. The manor of Alteek brings at present an annual rent of seventy thousand dollars. In a few years it will be worth a hundred and twenty thousand. I will mortgage it to you for thirty or forty thousand. Will you give me that amount in drafts on London?"

"Before we can enter upon that business"—said Lord Wallenroth with visible emotion—"it is necessary that you should first have the deed of gift in your hands."

As soon as Lord Wallenroth returned with the document in his hand, Mr. Smith silently pressed Conrad's hand and left the room. Lord Wallenroth was not less agitated. He gave the parchment to Conrad, and hastily followed Mr. Smith out of the apartment.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## The Document.

Conrad could not understand the behavior of those two old gentlemen. He looked for some time after them. "What are they doing?" he thought, "they seem to be moved! My resolution to go to the East Indies evidently meets with their approbation—why do they resist it? What have they to win or lose, either by my going or staying? For with men who have grown rusty in a worldly life, it depends at last only on loss or gain, on *shall* or *have*."

He sat down beside the window and opened the parchment. When he saw Mr. Marble's name beneath, written by his own hand, he kissed the place upon which the revered once had rested. Then he read. It was then an assignment of the manor to Conrad Eck, whom he called his dear adopted son, with all rights and privileges. But when he came to the signature, Conrad was alarmed. The whole document seemed to be false. It was dated in Regensburg; and the date was only two days old—but Mr. Marble's signature was so perfectly counterfeited that it was difficult to decide whether or not he had written it himself.

He started up from his chair to look after the gentleman. With a joyous countenance, Lord Wallenroth entered the room.

"Was I not right, my dear Eck?" he exclaimed with eyes beaming with joy. "Now you will leave the East Indies where they are."

"By no means," exclaimed Conrad—"this document is false!"

"No! it is not, it is true and authentic"—replied Wallenroth, "upon my honor, authentic!"

"But the date is only two days old!" retorted Conrad.

"Exactly," said the Baron.

"Who has written my father's signature?" inquired Conrad.

"Who else than he himself?" answered Wallenroth. "You certainly ought to know his signature."

"That is the very reason, because I do know it"—said Conrad—"when did he write this?"

"Cannot you see it? cannot you read it? on the day before yesterday," added Wallenroth.

"The day before yesterday," exclaimed Conrad. "You drive me mad with your jests. How is this? How can he write? Is he come from Calcutta? Has he returned? Is he come home from the East Indies?"

"No, Mr. Eck," calmly replied Wallenroth.

"Not returned? That is a contradiction!" exclaimed Conrad.

"No, not a contradiction—no! he never went to the East Indies!" called out a reverend voice in the next room—and the next moment the door opened, and hand in hand with Mr. Smith, old Mr. Marble walked into the room. He held out his arms towards Conrad, and exclaimed, "My Son!"—and embracing the young man, who stood motionless, like a statue—and did not seem to understand what had occurred to him.

"No, thou dear boy, I was not in the East Indies. Come, press me to thy brave and gallant heart; thou art the joy of my life! Thou art just what thou shouldst be. May God in Heaven bless thee!"

## CHAPTER XIX.

## The Explanation.

The joy of old Marble was not less than the ecstasy of the surprised Conrad, who for a long time could not find words to give vent to his feelings. They had to tell each other so much, that after the lapse of several hours, Conrad did not understand how all this had happened.

"Now, child," began Father Marble, "I will tell thee every thing in order as it occurred. Take a seat! It is true, I had a great deal of trouble in the capital. I know not how it entered the head of the sovereign to hang upon me that hair bag of knighthood. There must be a difference of rank, although the wool distinguishes the sheep from the goat better than the name. He who as an officer of state wishes to make his fortune, so called, and to stand near the person of his sovereign, and is desirous to attain a greater sphere of action, let him get himself knighted! He acts wisely. It is a good and profitable inheritance for his children. One like myself, who has no children, no influence, who wants no public offices, and is contented with what no prince can give—a pure heart that wills and does as much good as it can—to one like me, that parchment only brings real trouble and disagreeable circumstances. But I perhaps took that trifling matter too seriously. However, by my refusal I offended the prince, or perhaps his lords. They began to annoy me by many little acts. I felt vexed at them.—Therefore I left the capital. It was at the time when I desired thee to write me

regularly, even if thou shouldst not receive any answer from me—for correspondence by letter was troublesome to me—and to direct thy communications to my old honest friend, Mr. Smith.

"I removed to a small estate, where I lived happily and in retirement. There I was visited by God, that I might not think heaven was on this earth, and I became sick of a billious fever. I then was urged to make my last will and testament, as I might possibly die. Those people were in the right, for whosoever is not prepared to die every day, and stand before his Heavenly Judge—oh! *he has indeed a great hole in his sleeve!* Thou understandest me, Conrad.

"But then, poor man that I was, I had no children; perhaps some distant relatives who were eagerly looking for my death, and people who do not know what use to make of their money; that is they only know how to count interest, save their money for themselves alone, and are striving to render themselves conspicuous before the people, keep a good table, and call it foolish when we deny to ourselves, in order to have a greater abundance for the benefit of others who are in need; those people I thought have already too much. True, I had brought up many children, or had them reared; but whether they were what they ought to be, I did not know. *They all had holes in their sleeves!* I made a short business of it, and settled upon every one, without differences a certain sum, since I could not take any thing with me; and then became well.

"When I was sick, and laid on my bed, waited upon only by hirelings, I then felt, for the first time, deeply the want of being loved for my own self's sake. Then I often thought of you, and longed for your return. You came. But I would prove you whether you actually were a man *without a hole in your sleeve!* I had bought the manor of Alteck, a worthless estate. There, I thought, a person can give a specimen whether he has his head and his heart in the right place. My friend, Lord Wallenroth, was kind enough to lend his name for the purpose. Mr. Smith advertised the office of superintendent in the public journals, showed you the paper, brought you to Lord Wallenroth, and all the rest you know. I never would make my appearance, for I earnestly desired to become well acquainted with your true character.

"Wallenroth made a clause in behalf of a poor minister's widow, with whose husband I had been well acquainted. He was the friend of my youth. The lady was like an angel in female form. Had she not loved my friend Walter, I would have made her my wife, for I admired the girl in secret; but she knew nothing of it, since she was scarcely acquainted with me. But I loved Walter, and conquered my passion, which—I will not deny it—nearly *tore an irreparable hole in my sleeve!* Through Lord Wallenroth, I received, from time to time, tidings about the woman whom I had loved; and when the noble Walter left her without property, I had the widow provided for through him. We brought her to Alteck; 'for that woman,' I said to Wallenroth, 'yet is an earthly angel.'—'If she is an angel,' said he, 'then her daughter Josephine is certainly a seraph.' Umph! I thought; if it is so, and Conrad the proper man, nothing will be wanting there. Mrs. Walter remained with her young seraph in Alteck, and we established you as their companion.

"As often as you were with Mr. Smith in the capital, to pay the money and render account of

your proceedings, I traveled incognito through Alteck. My heart felt delighted. You began with a *great hole in the sleeve*, and have mended it considerably in one year. Then I concluded to adopt thee as my son, and to transfer to thee the whole of my property; for Conrad, I thought, follows in my footsteps. He is a noble boy! But does he also love me, like a father? That was yet a question with me, and alas! my dear Conrad, whether it be a *hole in the sleeve*, or not, to my heart it was the most important one. Then we played this little comedy, in which your heart was a little pinched. You have made me, an old man, happy, and led me back into my lost Eden. Now our comedy is ended, I shall go to Alteck to live with you and to assist you a little. In Alteck we build houses of 'peace on earth,' and prepare for the heaven above the stars. In my gray hairs I will now confess to Mrs. Walter my unfaded true love, and with the young seraph you may settle your own affair."

## CHAPTER XX.

## The Return to Alteck.

What joy, gratitude and love, were felt by Conrad, can easily be imagined. At the first hour, in which he was unencumbered and alone in his room, he fell on his knees, and thanked the Divine and Benevolent Ruler of the Universe. Then, with a heart yet deeply agitated, he sat down to his writing-desk. He wrote to Mrs. Walter the history of his fortune, and to Josephine the history of his heart, and its desires.

Mr. Marble had yet to order so much respecting his affairs, that three weeks elapsed before they could think of going to Alteck. Mrs. Walter, in answer to his letter, stated, that Josephine was fully restored to health, and in her silent transport that she was scarcely like an earthly being.

Josephine, however, in her letters, was just as singular as she had been in her personal intercourse. "No!" she wrote, "I love you not," I cannot love you. I also assure you that such a feeling for you has never entered my heart.—I love my excellent mother above all things. I love the whole world. But you—there is something that pushes me away from you. I know not what to call it, how to describe it. It is veneration, devotedness. You are right to love me, more I do not deserve. It is already too much that you give a thought to so insignificant a creature as I am; that you can say, without me the world were nothing. But for me to love you, would be too human. I fear that by this common word I should profane my sensibilities.—There is something august in you, which, by being near me, you have imparted to me. Every thing has become different. Nature is not as it was before. Before you came to Alteck, I looked at things as others did; but this is no longer so. A different spirit is diffused over all things, I should never have the courage to tell you this by word of mouth, but being far away from you, my timidity has lost its sway. It is true, without you I should not like to breathe the air of life; but I cannot comprehend how I can live near you, and be continually at your side!"

Marble, to whom Conrad always showed Josephine's letters—and he loved to read them—smiled. "Conrad," he said, "this seraph takes you for a cherub. But you children of elysium will soon become less platonic. Have only a little patience!"

Mr. Marble could not have surprised Conrad more agreeably in Regensburg, than when at Lord Wallenroth's house he was met on entering the

room by Mrs. Walter and Josephine, who as yet had not changed their traveling dress. Conrad with joyful emotion embraced the mother but his eyes were fixed on Josephine, who stood motionless, blushing deeply, and looking at the floor. The ordinary shows of politeness of the refined world, so called, otherwise a plague to better men, are nevertheless often times devices of inestimable value. By means of those, the lovers found the way to each other, who concealed in a general and polite conversation the loud calling of their hearts. They learned to look at each other without trembling, and to speak together without being confused. Mr. Marble declared to Mrs. Walter how he had loved her in youth, and now, an old man, he would be her best friend.

"But those two people, I mean your daughter and my son, have not told each other what they have to say!" whispered Marble to his friend Mrs. Walter. "Suppose we let them have an hour of conversation in the garden?"

Between flowers and bushes, Josephine and Conrad were purposely deserted by all. Meanwhile, Marble and Mrs. Walter determined upon the future lot of the people.

One hour after another elapsed, but Josephine and Conrad did not make their appearance. Night came on, yet they did not return.

"This matter troubles me"—remarked Mr. Marble; "they may be bewildered from mere ecstasy!" Marble took the arm of Mrs. Walter, and searched for the missing couple. No sound betrayed them. At last they found them between thick bushes. There they stood, like two statues, underneath a beech tree, so engrossed with each other, that they heard not the footsteps of those who approached them.

"God be praised that you yet have breath!"—exclaimed Marble—"but I do not like this hiding of cherubs and seraphs! Away with you; to-morrow I will drive you out of this garden.—You have at last discovered that you are two very natural human beings. You both have, as I perceive, *an enormous hole in your sleeve*, which matrimony alone can mend."

Conrad and the deeply blushing Josephine returned with their beloved parents. The next morning by Marble's urgency, the youthful lovers were married, and from the nuptial ceremony, he led them to a traveling carriage. "My son"—said Marble—"you are of no use here. The day after to-morrow we all shall leave for Alteck, and then make arrangements for our future life. Go to Leipsic, receive the amounts for me, according to my instructions, and return in a fortnight to Alteck. Josephine will accompany you to drive away dull care!"

On the twelfth day, Conrad returned with his bride to Alteck, where father Marble and Mrs. Walter, and the whole village, met them, exulting with joy.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

## MRS. WISDOM, AND HER DAUGHTER PRUDENCE.

Mrs. Wisdom, was certainly an extraordinary woman, and possessed very marked characteristics. It is said that she had a high estimation of herself, and this I think was true for a single glance at her *cranium* would convince one acquainted with phren-



ological developments that whatever might be the respect she entertained for the opinions of others, her own were always considered preferable. Her crown projected largely and her head rose far upward and backward from the ear.

Prudence had been nurtured with the most particular care and attention in the school of *Prudence and Wisdom*. She had been early impressed with the necessity of taking the counsel and advice of a mother of superior *wisdom* as the "*end of the law*," and she had faithfully adhered to those particular tenets in which she had been instructed. At the age of fourteen, Prudence was a *charming* young woman. Her anxious mother early impressed with the *fact* that many evil tendencies are given to the minds of the young, while attending school, had resolved that Prudence should never become the inmate of a school-room—Mrs. Wisdom was not herself a *dancer*, and considering this an essential accomplishment to a young lady of *quality*, had consented to leave the instructions necessary to the acquisition of this grace, to another. Accordingly previous to the time when the invaluable lesson we are to record was given; Prudence had been one among the happy number of a dancing association. She had by this means made acquaintances with some young men, and as a consequence one youngster, (*quite young*) had made a friendly call upon Miss Wisdom. In the eyes of Mrs. Wisdom this accomplished ball-room cherub was a personification of perfection second only to her lovely daughter. The union of two such *choice* spirits, calculated to harmonize in all things, she looked upon as the consummation of her own, and daughter's happiness. Believing that the result of his visitations, would be a marriage with her daughter—and wishing to discharge her whole duty, as a mother—to impress more firmly upon her mind the instruction which she had always attempted to inculcate—and have her understand more perfectly, the nature, and extent of the obligations she was under to her, we find the devoted mother, pouring forth her soul in the following lesson of instruction.

"My dear daughter, *I* have been the architectress of your fortune, *I* have bestowed upon you the most unremitted attentions, *I* have watched over you with a mother's care, *I* have never allowed you to perform the least labor, *not even so much as wash a dish*. You have slept in the rocking chair, you have rested upon the divan—you have lounged upon the sofa, at your pleasure. You have had but to make known your wishes, and your desires have always been gratified. For fear that you might *take cold*, *I* have always allowed you to sleep by a fire. You have always had a light by your bed-side until you slept, to calm your fears. When you have cried for anything that could not readily be obtained, it has always been acquired for you, however great the sacrifice, for fear that by crying, you would *over-exert yourself*, or *rupture a blood vessel*! Every precaution has been observed by me, to prevent any noise being made in the morning to disturb your slumbers. You have laid in the bed as long as you pleased, so as to be perfectly rested from the fatigues consequent upon the *labors* of the day. You have had your breakfast brought to your bed-side by *my* own hand and partaken of the same *before* rising, to strengthen you for this exercise and until quite lately, *I* have taken you upon my lap and dressed you as though you were the most helpless infant. Over your personal appearance *I* have not been less watchful. It has always looked remarkably vulgar to me to

see the hands of a young lady bear the least indication of *work* and *I* have never allowed yours to be soiled by exposure to the dish-water, the broom handle or the dust cloth. Nature has bestowed upon you a form of rare beauty, but *I* have improved upon it, by always dressing you in the height of fashion. The long comb, the high comb, the small comb, and no comb at all, have successively graced your well turned head and adorned your auburn hair. The long sleeve, the short sleeve, the big sleeve, the coat sleeve, and five hundred other intermediate fashioned sleeves, have *I* prepared for you. Cotton *epaulets* for back and shoulders, to give you a large form, and *cordage* to make it less have been applied to you. In short *I* have been an accurate observer of things and whenever *I* have observed that nature has been *partial* in bestowing beauties that were not granted to you *I* have taken the *fac-simile* and with it decorated the form of my lovely daughter. It was *I* who beheld the camel adorned with a protuberance which nature had not formed upon you, and snatching from it the form and figure transferred its beauty to you!

In the cultivation of your intellect *I* have not been less interested. Understanding the intimate relations which exist between the *mind* and *body*—opposed always to your performing labor of any kind, and knowing that exercise of *mind* would fatigue the *body*, *I* have never advised you to engage in any mental exercise, except perhaps occasionally reading a *novel*! The only school you have ever attended other than a mother's, is a *dancing school* and this we cannot but hope will result in gaining you, an accomplished husband! In this school, you have acquired your genteel refinements, and learned what *I* could not perhaps have taught you as well:—

"You've learned to walk with due uprightness  
To dance a figure with politeness;  
To enter drawing rooms with grace,  
And screw the dimples on your face!"

"Reduce the theory you have heard from a mother of *wisdom* and *prudence* to the every day business of life and you can but become the personification of all that is admirable and excellent. You will become the *luminary* of the circle in which in married life you will be called to move—the pride of a mother's heart, and the greatest source of *happiness* and *profit* to your husband! *I* have one favor to ask. Between this and the time in which you will have danced the figure of *single misery*. (Oh! how false to call it *single blessedness*!) and waltzed into married life, establish a system for improvement which will make you better qualified (if possible) for the new sphere in which you will soon act. The system *I* would recommend is this, *I* have, always attended to the whole arrangement of your dress myself; but if the exercise would not be too great, *I* would suggest, that after taking some nourishment *in bed*, you devote *one half hour* to making your *spit curls* about your forehead and temples, yourself. All other arrangements of your dress will be attended to by me as usual. If you find the *exercise* too great, you will not, of course do it yourself. This will be sufficient for the forenoon, provided you have no other care upon your mind, in which case, it would surely prove too *laborious*. Immediately after dinner enter the receiving room and devote twenty minutes to observations upon yourself before the large mirror. Imagine yourself entering a drawing-room—make your courtesy, and observe with how much ease and elegance you perform this accomplishment. This is well calculated to give you a *high estima-*

*tion* of yourself and your own performances, without which you can never be esteemed, and looked up to by others. This will be sufficient for the afternoon. After tea, a few moments may be very profitably spent in waltzing before the large mantle-piece mirror where you can have a full view of your person, and consequently cultivate more and more that self-approbation of your conduct and acquirements. After this, *be waited upon* to your bed that you may recover from the fatigues of your exercise, and be better prepared for the same routine, on the succeeding day. *Practice* my dear child will make you perfect and this perfection prepare you for *happiness* and usefulness in the married life! You owe to me a debt of gratitude you can never repay—all *I* ask is *be not ungrateful*!"

We suppose Prudence observed the counsel of *wisdom*, caught with *chaff* the ball-room bird, and made an *excellent* and *profitable* wife for a happy husband. We suppose so, for before all this happened, *we came away*. MILO.

Ghent, N. Y. February 10, 1845.

### PROGRAPY.



ISAAC BARROW.

ISAAC BARROW, a divine and mathematician, born in 1630, was the son of a linen-draper of London, and was educated at the Charterhouse and at Cambridge. After his education was completed, he traveled in France, Italy, and the Levant, and resided for a year at Constantinople. In his voyage to Smyrna, the ship was attacked by an Algerine, and Barrow displayed an undaunted courage which much contributed to the success of the engagement. In 1659, he returned to England, successively filled several professorships, was made master of Trinity College in 1672, vice chancellor in 1675, and died in 1677. In wit, in learning, in scientific knowledge, in versatile talent, Barrow had few rivals. His numerous mathematical productions attest his excellence as a geometer; and his theological works, which fill three volumes, are equally honorable to him as a divine.

### FRANCIS LEWIS.

FRANCIS LEWIS was a native of Landaff, in South Wales, where he was born in the year 1713. Being left an orphan at the age of four or five years, the care of him devolved upon a maiden aunt, who took singular pains to instruct him in the native language of his country. He was afterwards sent to Scotland, where, in the family of a relation, he acquired a knowledge of the Gaelic. From this he was transferred to the school of Westminster, where he completed his education; and enjoyed the reputation of being a good classical scholar.

Having determined on the pursuit of commerce, he entered the counting-room of a London merchant and in a few years acquired a competent knowledge of his profession. On attaining the age of twenty one years, he converted the whole of his property

into merchandise, and sailed for New-York, where he arrived in the spring of 1735. Leaving a part of his goods to be disposed of by Mr. Edward Annesly, with whom he had formed a commercial connexion, he transported the remainder to Philadelphia. After a residence of two years in the latter city, he returned to New-York, and there became extensively engaged in navigation and foreign trade. He married the sister of his partner, by whom he had several children.

Mr. Lewis acquired the character of an active and enterprising merchant. In the course of his commercial transactions, he visited several of the seaports of Russia, the Orkney and Shetland Islands, and was twice shipwrecked on the Irish coast.

During the French or Canadian war, he was agent for supplying the British troops, and was present, in 1756, at the surrender of Fort Oswego to the French general, de Montcalm. He exhibited great firmness and ability on the occasion; and his services were held in such consideration by the British government, that at the close of the war he received a grant of five thousand acres of land.

The conditions upon which the garrison at Fort Oswego surrendered, were shamefully violated by de Montcalm. He allowed the chief warrior of the Indians, who assisted in taking the fort, to select about thirty of the prisoners, and to do with them as he pleased. Of this number, Mr. Lewis was one. Thus placed at the disposal of savage power, a speedy death was one of the least evils to be expected. It has been asserted, however, that Mr. Lewis discovered that he was able to converse with the Indians, by reason of the similarity of the ancient language of Wales, which he understood, to their dialect.\* His ability to communicate by words to the chief, so pleased the latter that he treated him kindly, and on arriving at Montreal, requested the French governor to allow him to return to his family without ransom. The request, however, was not granted, and Mr. Lewis was sent as a prisoner to France, from which country, being some time after exchanged, he returned to America.

Although Mr. Lewis was not a native of America, yet his attachment to the country was early and devoted. He vigorously opposed the oppressive measures of Great Britain, and esteemed liberty the choicest blessing that a nation can enjoy. His intellectual powers, and uniform nobility of sentiment, commanded the respect of the people; and in 1775, he was unanimously elected a delegate to Congress. He remained in that body through the following year, 1766, and was among the number who signed the Declaration of Independence. For several subsequent years, he was appointed to represent New-York in the national assembly; and performed various secret and important services, with great fidelity and prudence.

In 1775, Mr. Lewis removed his family and effects to a country seat which he owned on Long Island. This proved an unfortunate step. In the autumn of the following year, his house was plundered by a party of British light-horse. His extensive library and valuable papers were wantonly destroyed. His wife fell into the power of the enemy and was retained a prisoner for several months. During her captivity she experienced the most atrocious treatment, being closely confined, and deprived of a bed and sufficient clothing. By the influence

of Washington, she was at length released; but her constitution had been so impaired by her sufferings, that in a year or two, she sank into the grave.

The latter days of Mr. Lewis were spent in comparative poverty. He died on the 30th day of December, 1803, in the ninetieth year of his age.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE BUBBLES.

WHEN I was quite young I used to amuse myself with making soap bubbles. With a tin cup in one hand and a tobacco pipe in the other, I would stretch out of the third story gable-end window, sometimes throwing off in equal succession, numerous little globes whose specific gravity, increased by the pendant mass of more condensed suds at their lower extremity, urged them down with speed: and sometimes I would with more caution, inflate a spacious sphere—blowing gently and equally, and watching every motion of the frail but beautiful body, humoring every swing, every elongation and contraction. There I would be seen, as it were in a *camera obscura*, trees, houses, men, waggons, clouds and sky, all reflected in the brightest and richest tints; while from the bowl of the pipe to the base of the bubble descended a thousand streams of glowing fluid, radiant with the hues of purple and gold, now gliding in right lines, then with a most graceful curve meandering obliquely towards the nether side. It was once when I had blown one of these magnificent forms, and set it afloat in "mid air," gazing with childish interest and admiration at its dignified course, that uncle Joe observed me; the bubble floated with graceful buoyancy, and my little heart bounded with joy at the contemplation of its progress. But in the midst of its career it came in contact with a projecting object, and immediately, by a noiseless explosion, it vanished, and there remained nothing of its substance but a drop of soap-water, which swiftly descended to the earth. I stamped with chagrin and mortification at the loss of my beautiful treasure. Uncle Joe saw me; and approaching me said it was foolish to be so outrageous at such a trifling loss. "Besides," said he, "you may learn a moral from this; the most showy things are generally the most frail; and the prettiest and largest bubbles are the first to break."—"Come," say she, "I will tell you of some bubbles I have seen in my day."

"There was HORATIO the only child of his doting parents, a beautiful child, with an acute eye, a fine forehead, and all his features indicating intellectual vigor. At school he outstripped all his companions in learning, and soon was associated in classes with others much his seniors in years. He was a prodigy, his parents thought him a supernatural genius, he was caressed by them, he was exhibited to strangers and acquaintances, and 'lauded to the skies'; in short he was the constant theme of his parents. But the time arrived when he must choose a *profession*, for a handicraft business was never once dreamed of by the parents as an occupation adapted to the intelligence of their child. The law was chosen, but here he failed; and it was five years before he passed, and then with little honor to himself; for he had neither perception of the nice points of law nor ingenuity to guide a case. The bubble burst when he left his parents—for his only superiority was a *retentive memory*, which his fond parents had interpreted *universal genius*—and, although you may see his sign on a shutter

as an attorney, nevertheless he makes a scanty livelihood by transcribing for lawyers of a higher grade.

"T—J— was a young man who was left a considerable fortune by his uncle. Flushed with sudden and unexpected wealth, his fancy painted continual prosperity. He immediately entered into the grocery business—no expense was spared to make his store assume a splendid appearance. A clerk was hired to conduct the counter business, while the *principle* rode from store to store, and from sale to sale, without either forethought or experience, to purchase merchandise. He dressed like a beau; he was a gallant; he went to balls, parties, theatres, billiard tables, and taverns; he was a man of pleasure and fashion, indulging much in the vices and follies of both. The bubble burst—bad bargains, a fraudulent clerk, unpaid notes, desperate debts, a confused business, and enervated body, suddenly involved him in ruin; and after having 'taken the benefit,' he has left the city in disgrace and roams the world without a recommending trait.

"I—L— was a mechanic, and a very intelligent one. He had enriched his mind by reading, he wrote a good hand, and was of a gentlemanly carriage, aspect, and manners. He married an industrious and economical mantua-maker; and by their joint efforts they acquired a very genteel livelihood. By some strange whim of ambition I—L— became an office hunter; he was successful; for the people elected him as a representative to the state legislature. This honor intoxicated the common sense of himself and his wife. He thought he deserved the office as a reward for his talents; and his wife abandoned the needle as beneath the dignity of a legislator's lady. But the bubble burst; for before the session was half over he had voted, through ignorance, for a law which was oppressive and hateful to the people, and they burnt in effigy the pride-puffed representative. He was thrown aside at the next election, and left to muse on his discomfiture, while his wife became a by-word of ridicule.

"There was S—F—, who served his time in a printing office. He was a young man of superior talents. At the expiration of his time he started a literary and miscellaneous paper. It was conducted with spirit and discretion, and had a numerous subscription. There were many rural tales written by himself, and published in this paper; and they were copied throughout the Union. These tales were admired for their interesting incidents, simplicity of diction, natural description, and practical moral; they were sought for with avidity and read with delight. But the whirlpool of politics caught the Editor in its vortex, and forsaking the quietness of a literary life he has rushed into the boisterous sphere of party contention; and sacrificing the peaceable hours of learned study, and straying from the flowery paths of imagination, his characteristic has now become personal vituperation, party intrigue, and political misrepresentation.

"These are a few bubbles," continued my uncle Joe, "that I just now remember; but if you will be observant, as you pass through the world, you will have a long catalogue to add to this short list. There is a great deal more noise and show in the world than there is strength or substance; there are many bubbles afloat, brilliant and gay, but they are light, frail and empty, 'an outside of colors, an inside of wind,' and they will some day burst to the wonder of the multitude, and to the utter destruction of themselves."

\* It is almost needless to remark, that such an occurrence is, to say the best of it, extremely improbable. There exists no affinity between the ancient language of Wales and that of any of the Indian tribes known in North America.



Uncle Joe was very right. "I have lived an age of some few years," and have found his predictions verified, and his conclusions confirmed. We have our philanthropic, scientific, political, moral, and religious bubbles, all for show, pretty but useless.

#### WHERE BOUND.

FRIEND, where are you bound? Not to the gallows, we trust. But we fear you will arrive there at last, unless you turn about and mend your ways. Evils should be checked in the bud. You have just commenced crime—down with that copper; it will not be missed we know, but it isn't yours. The hundreds that follow will be missed and what will become of you? Turned away from a good place—confidence lost in you; where will you steer your course?

Where are you bound, son of pleasure? To the bowl and the midnight revelry? Stop, stop short. Turn back. You better go to your grave, and employ a sexton to bury you alive. You will rue the day of your birth, unless you speedily reform. Away from the bowl—dash the glass and you may be respected and beloved.

And you, young man of fashion, where are you bound? To the tailor's, the barber's, the looking glass, and destruction? If you have a mind, improve it; if not do not make a bigger fool of yourself. If there is any thing we abominate, it is a tailor's sign parading the streets. Stop your follies at once, or the poor-house will bring you up; there is no question about it. Where are you bound, lazy lump of flesh? To Botany Bay? You must work or steal, or sponge your bread and clothes from the industrious. Which will you do?

Young man and old, rich man and poor, high man and low, bond man, free, and where are you all bound? 'Tis an important question—what is your answer? By and by it will be too late to decide your course, now is the time to act—now! Be honest, be virtuous, be temperate—shape your course by the side of Truth, with the Bible for your chart, and you will be safe and only safe here and forever. Will you do it?

#### THE EFFECT OF IDLENESS OF YOUNG MEN.

Nothing is more ruinous to young men than to be out of steady and useful employment. They soon lose the confidence of worthy citizens, and eventually lose confidence in themselves. Their means soon disappear and they sink lower and lower in the scale of society, till at length they fall into a loaferish obscurity, or into criminal notoriety. Many young men neglect the opportunities of business, because these opportunities do not, at first promise so much respectability and profit as they were led to anticipate for their own over-estimated services. Because they cannot get such situations as they have set their hearts on obtaining, they reject all other offers, and "wait the movement of the tide," as they call it, which is to bear them on to the realization of their dearly cherished hopes. But where Fortune's humble favors have been slighted, she seldom lavishes her bounties; thus these proud aspirants are left to sustain themselves with hopes which will never be realized, and with dreams of fanciful illusions which confirm their habits of indolence.

A poor business is better than no business at all and it is always advisable to take the best offer, and embrace the best opportunity that present cir-

cumstances may throw in one's way. A man who is in business is five times more likely to get offers of a better business, than he who is out of employment. The latter may be far the best qualified for the situation proposed, but there is a degree of rust which gathers about him, which reduces his market value greatly. But the greatest evil of being out of employment is that idleness opens the way for various temptations to vicious courses. A man of ordinary spirit will not go without the means of subsistence, if he has the skill to procure them honestly or dishonestly;—thus he is led to do those things which the bare thought of doing would have been revolting to his soul ere it was contaminated calloused by indolence. What a host of men are subsisting in every community without any visible means of support! These are the drones of society, who ought to be driven by the frowns of the public to engage in some useful employment which they could earn an honest livelihood, and add something to the wealth and prosperity of the country.—*Olive Branch.*

#### BORROWING NEWSPAPERS.

An old sea captain down in Salem, Massachusetts, was sorely troubled by newspaper borrowers. Before he could get up and to the breakfast table, there were four or five little children at the door, with—"Marm wants to borrow the paper"—"Sir says how he'd like the paper"—"Father wants to know whether or no you'll be so good's to lend him the paper," &c. &c. and when the old captain got it again it was a day old at least. So one day he took an old paper, yellow and venerable with age, and then wound around it some twenty-five yards of list, with as many hard knots as an old sailor could tie, and said to his wife, "Mrs. L. when they come after the paper you send them this, and I guess they'll find it very interesting." So the paper and the list upon it went the rounds, and strange to say, even newspaper borrowers took the hint, and did not send again to him, at least to "borrow the paper."

#### OPINION.

I WILLINGLY concede to every man what I claim for myself—the freest range of thought and expression, and am perfectly indifferent whether the sentiments of others on speculative subjects coincide with or differ from my own. Instead of wishing or expecting that uniformity of opinion should be established, I am convinced that it is neither practicable nor desirable; that varieties of thought are as numerous and as strongly marked, and as irreducible to one standard, as those of bodily form; and that to quarrel with one who thinks differently from ourselves, would be no less unreasonable than to be angry with him for having features unlike our own.—*Professor Lawrence.*

#### LOVE.

No man says R. W. Emerson, in one of his rhapsodies, ever forgot the visitations of that power to his heart and brain, which created all things new—which was the dawn in him of music, poetry, and art; which made the face of nature radiant with purple light, the morning and the night varied enchantments—when a single tone of one voice could make the heart beat, and the most trivial circumstance associated with one form is put in the amber of memory—when we became all eye when one was present, and all memory when one was gone.

**BIRTH DAY.**—An old man assembled his friends to celebrate his eighty-sixth birth day with him. One of them said, "I suppose, Sir, you do not expect to live to see another anniversary of this day?" "O yes, I shall," he replied, "not the least doubt of it." "But what, father, can be the reason of this confident opinion?" "Why child I have observed for better than fifty years, that when I live to see one birth day, I always live to see the next."

**A SMART LAD.**—A school master, as a punishment to one of his pupils for using profane language, ordered him to take a pair of tongs and watch a hole in the hearth until he had caught a mouse. The boy took the tongs, and demurely waited for the visitor. Directly after he saw a mouse peeping out of the hole. Cautiously placing a leg of the tongs on either side of the hole, he grasped the mouse, and triumphantly swinging it aloft, exclaimed, "By G—d, I've got him."

**A SMART OLD LADY.**—"Ah, me!" said old Mrs. Doonzenbury, "schooling is a great thing—I've often felt the need of it. Why, Mr. Snoutickle, would you believe it, I'm now sixty-five years old, and I don't know the names of but three months in the year—and them's Spring, Fall, and Autumn. I learnt 'em when I was a little bit of a gal."

**LAW.**—A celebrated barrister, retired from practice, was one day asked his sincere opinion of the law. "Why, the fact is," rejoined he, "if any man were to claim the coat upon my back, and threaten my refusal with a lawsuit, he should certainly have it, lest in defending my coat, I should lose my waistcoat also."

#### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

J. W. C. Goshen, Ct. \$1.00; M. W. D. S. Bethany, Mo. \$1.00; S. S. Shelbyville, Mo. \$1.00; P. M. Grant Barrington, Ms. \$3.00; Miss H. C. Skaneateles, N. Y. \$1.00; C. R. A. Williamstown, Vt. \$1.00; J. C. T. Fulton, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Rock Stream, N. Y. \$3.00; J. S. Milwaukee, Wis. Ter. \$1.00; J. T. M. South Lee, Ms. \$1.00; P. A. E. Charleston, N. H. \$1.00; P. M. La Fox, Ill. \$10.00; P. M. Salem, N. C. \$3.00; C. W. Stokes, N. Y. \$3.00; R. G. New-York, (for Vols. 20th and 21st.) \$2.00.



In this city, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Gosman, Capt. Henry Waldo, to Miss Sarah Heath, all of this city.

By the Rev. Dr. Gosman, Mr. George Hallenbeck, to Miss Ann Maria Ten Eyck, of this city.

In Ghent, on the 6th inst. by the Rev. E. Deyoe, Mr. Rensselaer Lester, to Miss Rachel Deyoe, all of Ghent.

In Kinderhook, on the 19th ult. by Eld. L. S. Rexford, Mr. Sylvester Van Deusen, of Clatham, to Miss Sarah Avery, of Clatham, Rensselaer Co.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. E. S. Porter, Mr. Jacob Tator, to Miss Phebe Shumway, all of Clatham.



In this city, on the 7th inst. Mr. James Gray, in the 80th year of his age.

On the 7th inst. Mrs. Eliza Hallenbeck, in the 86th year of her age.

On the 8th inst. Hannah Dallas, in her 73d year.

On the 8th inst. Richard Douglas, son of Stephen and Elizabeth Storm, aged 2 months and 18 days.

On the 10th inst. Doct. Samuel White, in the 66th year of his age. He was one of our oldest and most respectable citizens—a distinguished physician and surgeon, whose loss will be deeply felt.

At Hillsdale, on the 3d inst. at the house of Adam P. Pultz, Mrs. Catherine Shaver, in the 51st year of her age.

At Hillsdale, on the 5th inst. Laura Ann, wife of Nelson Moore, in the 22d year of her age.

At Hillsdale, on the 6th inst. suddenly, Mr. Thomas Haywood, aged 73 years.

At Ghent on the 5th ult. William R. only son of Rowland W. and Jane Macy, aged 3 years and 2 months.

At Easton, Washington Co. on the 25th ult. Mrs. Eliza, wife of Anson Bigelow, Esq. and daughter of the late Reuben Moores, Esq. of this city, in the 44th year of her age.

At Kinderhook, on the 25th ult. Francis Sylvester, Esq. in the 76th year of his age.



## Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

## "WHEN 'THE SUN OF PROSPERITY'S SHINING."

BY A. A. FORBES.

WHEN the sun of Prosperity's shining  
As brightly it shines on thee now,  
And Hope with her roses is twining  
A garland to place on thy brow;  
When home, and its pleasures are thine,  
With the Friends of thy childhood around thee,  
And thou for thy virtues divine  
Art loved as I ever have found thee;  
When thou art rejoicing in gladness  
If sorrow my portion should be,  
This thought will oft banish my sadness,  
That I am remembered by thee.

When the winds of Misfortune are sighing,  
And sorrows fall thickly on thee,  
Hopes blasted around thee are lying  
Like leaves that have fallen from the tree;  
Thy days of Prosperity's over,  
The friends thou hast loved—far away,  
Thyself o'er the wide earth a rover,  
From home and its joys doomed to stray;  
Oh! then in the days of thy sadness,  
When sorrow thy portion shall be,  
Remember the moments of gladness,  
I've spent in communion with thee!

Hinesburgh, Vt. Jan. 1845.

For the Rural Repository.

## THE CURRANT BLOSSOM.

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

Plucked from the Garden of Joseph Bonaparte, and given to a friend.

I BRING to you a little flower—  
Accept the gift my friend!  
A thousand stirring memories  
With this frail blossom blend;  
France with her vine clad hills appears,  
In mind we stray 'mid vanished years.  
There is no tale of blood  
Traced 'mid its petals slight,  
And yet I seem e'en now to hear  
The tramp and din of fight—  
Blood! blood! glows red on many a plain,  
While Joseph takes the crown of Spain.

How strange that man should strive  
O'er clammy Death for power!  
He might a useful lesson learn,  
E'en from the little flower!  
It speaks of one, whose love divine  
Has made each cup of mass a shrine.

Whene'er you see this currant flower,  
Pause and indite a prayer,  
That Peace with snowy wings  
May linger every where;  
And may we meet upon that shore,  
Where sounds of strife are heard no more.

Heath, Mass. December, 1844.

For the Rural Repository.

## THE CRUCIFIXION.

'Twas morning; from the chambers of the east  
Looked forth the rising sun. The darkness fled,  
The blue mist curled along the mountain's side  
And night resigned her empire to the day.  
Straightway the elders and the priests and scribes  
A consultation held and led him bound  
To Pilate's judgment seat! The PRINCE OF PEACE  
The KING OF KINGS the JUDGE of all the earth  
And SON OF GOD MOST HIGH now stood arraigned  
Before an earthly bar! in meekness stood;  
And as a lamb to the slaughter led,  
Or as a sheep before the shearers dumb,

He opened not his mouth! The un pitying crowd,  
Moved by the subtle priest and envious scribes  
Preferred a murderer to the LORD OF LIFE  
And rent the heavens with long and lengthened cries  
That he might to their brutal rage be given.  
And now behold him in a purple robe  
And with a wreath of thorns in mockery crowned  
With scoffs, and bitter tumults saluted "king!"  
Up Calvary's rugged hill they take their way—  
While shouts of hellish triumph rend the skies—  
And rear the fatal cross! Nailed to the wood  
Between the heavens and earth in anguish hung  
The bleeding Lamb! between two thieves he hung  
Who with unfeeling hearts their Lord reviled;  
And they that passed him by, nailed on him too  
And with the insulting priests in mockery cried.  
"Ah thou that savest others, save thyself!"  
"My God my God" the suffering Savior cried,  
And yielded up the ghost! Thick darkness spread  
Its sable curtain o'er this lower world;  
For three long hours the sun refused to shine  
As if astonished at the hellish deed!  
The temple's veil was rent; the opened graves  
Gave up their sleeping dead; and those that stood  
Beholding from afar with pitying eyes  
Now smote upon their breasts and fled!  
The solid earth was to its centre shook,  
The rocks were from their old foundations rent  
And the centurion, honor struck, exclaimed,  
"This was the SON OF GOD."

South East, N. Y. Jan. 1845.

J. B. R.

For the Rural Repository.

## THE MARRIAGE VOW.

BY CLARK W. BRYAN.

THEIR hands are joined—their words are pledged,  
Each heart and hand to each is given;  
They take on them the Marriage Vow  
Before their God—in sight of Heaven;  
He vows to keep, protect and love  
The lovely being at his side;  
To love her long as life endures—  
Her head to guard, and feet to guide.

She gives her heart's best store to him,  
And trusts, and gives to him her all;  
To tread with him the path of life,  
With him to rise—with him to fall:  
She takes the ring, with steady nerve,  
And speaks her love, at every breath;  
Then swears before both God and man,  
That nought shall sever them but death.

They're bound each others' joys to share.  
Each others hopes—each others fears—  
Each others burdens too, to bear,  
While journeying through this vale of tears;  
And now upon their bended knees,  
Before the altar low they bow,  
And swear, as long as life shall last,  
Allegiance to the MARRIAGE VOW.

Catskill, N. Y. 1845.

## BECAUSE I'M TWENTY-FIVE.

'Tis wondrous strange how great the change,  
Since I was in my teens,  
Then I had beaux and billet-doux  
And joined the gayest scenes;  
But lovers now have ceased to vow;  
No way they now contrive  
To poison, hang and drown themselves—  
Because I'm twenty-five!

Once, if the night was e'er so bright,  
I ne'er abroad could roam,  
Without "the bliss, the honor Miss,  
Of seeing you safe home."  
But now I go through rain and snow,  
Pursued and scarce alive—  
Through all the dark, without a spark,  
Because I'm twenty-five!

They used to call and ask me all,  
About my health so frail;  
And thought a ride would help my side  
And turn my cheeks less pale.  
But now, alas! if I am ill  
None cares that I revive;

And my pale cheek in vain may speak—  
Because I'm twenty-five!

Now, if a ride improves my side,  
I'm forced to take the stage,  
For that is deemed quite proper for  
A person of my age;  
And then no hand is offered me  
To help me out alive—  
They think it won't hurt me to fall,  
Because I'm twenty-five!

O dear, 'tis queer that every year  
I'm slighted more and more,  
For not a beau pretends to show  
His head within my door.  
No care nor smile nor soft adieu  
My spirits now receive;  
One might near as well be dead  
As say I'm twenty-five!

The oldest Literary Paper in the United States.

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Vol. 21, Commencing Aug. 31, 1844.

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The character and design of the Rural Repository being so generally known, it would seem almost superfluous to offer any thing further; but, we are induced to submit to the public two paragraphs containing condensed extracts from notices of the "Repository," published in various Journals, throughout the United States, in the room of praising ourselves as some are under the necessity of doing.

"The Rural Repository" is a neat and elegant semi-monthly Periodical, published in the City of Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. and which we believe is the oldest literary paper in the United States; and while it has made no very great pretensions to public favor, it is far better than those publications who boast long and loud of their claims to public patronage. Amid the fluctuations of the world, and the ups and downs of the periodical press, for nearly a score of years this little miscellany has pursued the even tenor of its way, scattering its sweets around, and increasing in interest and popularity, and our readers will, of course, infer, that if it had no merit it would have shuffled off this mortal coil long time ago.

"It is devoted to Polite Literature, and no where in the United States, is it excelled for neatness of typographical execution, or in appropriate and useful selections. As an elegant specimen of letter-press printing it stands without a rival, and it may be said, in truth, to be a specimen of the 'art preservation of all arts.' It has outlived many a flaunting city rival, 'Mirrors,' and 'Gems,' and 'Caskets,' (gaudy as butterflies, and about as long lived,) and now if the 'Repository' does not outshine the last novelties, it will survive them, and charm many a reader after their titles are forgotten. Its columns are filled with agreeable and interesting miscellany, well calculated to interest and instruct the young of both sexes; and the good taste and discrimination of its editor is evinced, in the total exclusion of those long and pointless productions which lumber up the columns of the 'mammoth' sheets of New-York and Philadelphia. In short, we know of no Journal of similar character, better calculated to cheer and enliven the family circle.

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WILLIAM B. STODDARD.  
Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1844.